

Mwahiei

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I was not proud to be a Micronesian today
 little Kosraean girls dancing Tahitian in coconut shell bras
 short pink lava lava with matching lipstick—too sexy
 Chuukese stick dance sloppy
 fat man dancing on stage with everyone—ridiculous
 I sweated in the Ala Moana heat moaning *ohtier!* over again
 amidst screaming Mortlockese ladies with dyed red and blonde hair

I went to Micronesia Friendship Day 2002 curious
 hoping for something
 I went to F.S.M. Constitution Day 2003
 knowing, but I still went
 never wanting to miss out on cultural performances that never happen
 eager to listen to broken English political speeches
 telling us how “a government cannot survive without its people”

Palikir officials who don’t give a fuck
 about us
 going to school
 cooking at Zippy’s
 cleaning parking lots
 stuffing ads into the Honolulu Advertiser
 drinking sakau pehs
 eating piaia from the can

“Micronesia—to the max”

24 years of broken government
celebration of American development
Pohnpei, Chuuk, Yap, Kosrae
people too different to get along
four inventions forced under Federation
a unification, we Pohnpeians, voted against

I saw no Yapese, a few Kosraeans
a family of Pohnpeians, mostly from Kitt
wearing T-shirts that said *Darak Pohnpei*
Chuukese everywhere
Micronesian strangers to me

I see no occasion to mark
no Micronesia to rejoice over
“ethnic dances” from Polynesia and U.S.A.
four stars separated by blue

I cry for us Micronesians
I saw what I wish I hadn’t
embarrassed by the clarity